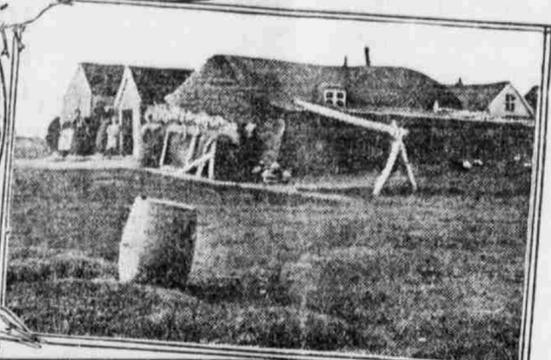
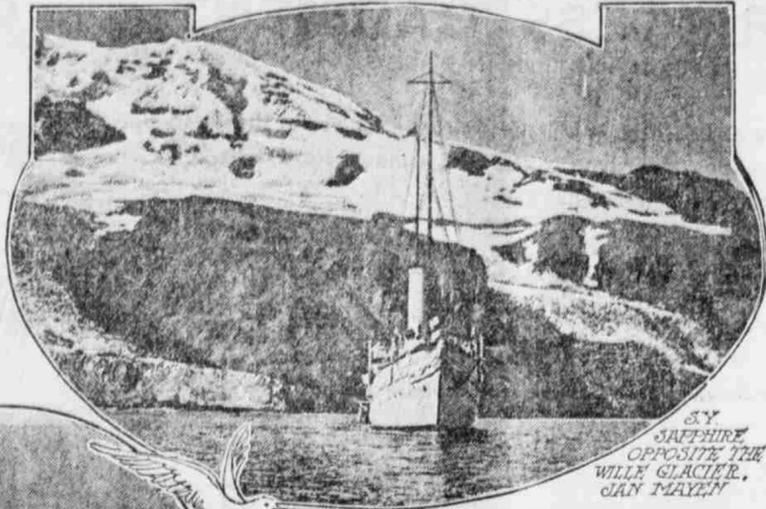


THE ISLAND OF GRIMSEY AND JAN MAYEN

by THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD

ARCTIC literature has always had a fascination for me, and it has long been my ambition to see something of the great frozen North; but, with the exception of a visit to Spitzbergen in 1902, when I went as far as Amsterdam Island and was stopped by ice, I have not been able to gratify my wish. In 1910 I visited Iceland. I find that when one has been to that country it is always assumed that one must have been Reykjavik and the Geysira. But Reykjavik and the Geysira had no attractions for me, as I was anxious to visit less well-known parts. The north and east coasts of Iceland and the island of Grimsey were the object of my voyage.

Grimsey lies thirty miles north of the north coast of Iceland, and is just within the Arctic circle. It has about seventy inhabitants, who, with the exception of the pastor, live in turf huts. There is a very small wooden church, across the interior of which a large beam supports the walls some two or three feet above the pulpit. If the pastor stands upright the beam must come immediately in front of his face, and I regret that I was unable to attend a service to see how the difficulty was solved. The island is best known as the only breeding-place in Europe of the little auk. I was told that the inhabitants are noted chess players, and are sent to play in tournaments far from their own home. As an island of chess players, Grimsey may continue to be far famed, but as the home of the little auk I fear it is doomed.



During my visits I never saw more than a dozen of these interesting little birds. Their breeding-places are among the boulders on the most accessible parts of the shore, and an egg collector, who has lived a great number of years at Akureyri (the principal port on the north coast of Iceland) boasted to me that there were no little auks left breeding in Grimsey, as he had taken every egg. Fortunately, a few have escaped him, but the birds have evidently enormously decreased since the island was visited by Hantsch, the German naturalist.

Snow buntings, in their beautiful black and white summer plumage, were the commonest birds round the huts. Red-necked phalaropes, purple sandpipers, meadow pipits and ringed plovers were very abundant. Elder ducks nest all round the dwelling houses, and are so tame that the islanders stroke them when sitting on their eggs.

The commonest of the cliff breeders are the fulmars, puffins, kittiwakes, razorbills, and Brunnich's gullmots, grey phalaropes, wheatears, white wagtails, ravens and other birds are seen in smaller numbers. About three hundred and ten miles N.N.E. of Iceland and two hundred and forty miles from the coast of Greenland, lies the island of Jan Mayen. I had read about it in various books of Arctic travels, and in 1910 suggested half jokingly to my captain that I should like to go there. As the construction of my yacht is not adapted for encountering ice, he treated my suggestion even less seriously than I had hoped, and for the time being I had to agree. However, the thought that I had been within twenty-six hours of that coveted goal lay at the back of my mind, and in 1910 I suggested the following year, though I did not mention it until I saw what the weather was like at Grimsey. I took the precaution of providing myself with the Austrian chart of Jan Mayen, which I knew my captain would consider unnecessary. Owing to bad weather, I had to wait some time at Akureyri (North Iceland) before I could go over to Grimsey, and during this time a naval lieutenant, who had been with the ill-fated Mikkelson expedition to Greenland, came to call upon me. Unfortunately, I was not on board, and he interviewed the captain instead. He told him that ice had been seen off Grimsey four days before our arrival, and, of course, scorned the idea of our going to Jan Mayen. The prospect did not seem hopeful, but as the ice was so near I told my captain that I should like to go and see it, and turn round as soon as we met with it. As we had perpetual daylight this suggestion found favor. We went over to Grimsey, where the inhabitants only confirmed what we had already heard, and expected we should meet with ice about forty miles north of the island. At 6 a. m. on July 29th we weighed

anchor, and steamed away in pursuit of the ice, but I stipulated that our course should be straight in the direction of Jan Mayen. The weather was bright and clear, and at 8 a. m. we sighted a distant iceberg between ourselves and the Greenland coast. At 11 a. m. there was no other sign of ice, though we had come over fifty miles. Birds were very scarce, generally only one or two fulmars were in sight, and I had seen two gullmots, two Arctic skuas, and a few puffins. At 2 p. m. we had steamed eighty-five miles. No ice had been seen, and only a few fulmars and kittiwakes came within sight of the yacht. 7:20 p. m. Log 148 miles. A northerly breeze sprang up, and the temperature of the water was 40 degrees. It had been 42 degrees two hours earlier. I had only seen one Razorbill in the afternoon and a few fulmars and kittiwakes. 9:15 p. m. Log 180 miles. Very clear weather. The sun set at about 11:15 p. m. The wind was westerly, and as there was a very heavy swell, little sleep was to be had. Bright sunshine cheered me when I looked out in the early hours of the following morning. There was no sign of ice, and evidently none had been seen, or I should have heard of it. I knew that Jan Mayen could not be far off. At 7:15 a. m. I again looked out, and saw a dim outline of cliffs ahead, lost above in mist and cloud. Great numbers of Brunnich's gullmots, fulmars and a few kittiwakes were flying round, a sure sign of the proximity of land. The thermometer on deck registered 45 degrees Fahrenheit and the log 290 miles. Gradually the beautiful snow-covered volcano, Beerenberg, appeared above the cloud. All below was shrouded in mist, except just above sea level, where one could trace the dim outline of land. As we approached, a long, low-lying peninsula stretched out to the southwest, and as the mist cleared off and opened up the high cliffs in front of us, we could see that the tops were covered with vegetation, and snow lay only in patches in the deep ravines. The whole island is apparently studded with craters, and the tops of the cliffs form huge rugged basins. The cliffs are a curious rusty red color (suggestive of iron) mixed with the black lava. I am not sure whether it was only the sight of them which frightened my captain, but at all events, he believed his compasses to be affected, and was not enjoying himself as much as I was. Along the shore was a line of broken ice. The temperature of the water at 9 a. m. was 41 degrees and at 10:50 a. m. 38 degrees. As we steamed along from South Cape to South East Cape we saw that Beerenberg, which at first appeared part of the cliffs in front of us, was separated from them by a low stretch of land, one mile and a half wide, and apparently little above sea level. Had there been no surf, it looked an easy place to land, but under the circumstances it was impossible. By the time we reached this isthmus the whole island was clear, except for a few fleecy clouds over the southern end. Leaving the isthmus behind us, we passed the remarkable crater, Egg Bluff, once, I believe, an island, but now apparently connected with the shore. One side of it has been worn away by the sea. It is 600 feet high, and from its inner wall steam is said to be always rising.

It was the warmest day we had had since leaving England, and I spent the whole morning on the bridge without a coat. Shortly after passing Egg Bluff, we steamed under Beerenberg, which, on this glorious, cloudless day, was dazzling in its snowy whiteness. At noon the thermometer registered 40 degrees, the temperature of the wa-

ter 37 degrees, and there was a fresh, northwesterly breeze. We continued our voyage round the east coast, and here the sea was so calm that we went fairly close in shore, as it seemed probable that I could land. We stopped in sixteen fathoms of water, nearly a mile from the shore, and had it been good holding ground it might have been possible to anchor, but as we were right in front of the Wille glacier, which comes down to the sea, it was doubtful what the bottom would be like, and in any case it would have been unwise for us to do so.

The cliffs on this coast are very precipitous, and, could I have landed, it would only have been possible to walk about half a mile along the narrow strip of beach. As it was, we found, as we approached it in the dinghy, that there was too much surf to allow of our attempting it, and I had to content myself with rowing along within a few yards of the shore. Floating ice stopped us in one direction, and heavy surf in the other. Numbers of glaucous gulls were sitting above high-water mark, and of course were very tame. Hundreds of Brunnich's gullmots and fulmars flew around us, and I saw one black gullmote, probably U. mandtli. Not until I fired my gun had I any idea of the number of birds on the cliff above me. Probably owing to the nature of the soil, and the fact that the lava slopes are less precipitous than the granite cliffs where seaweed generally congregates, the usual evidences of a great breeding resort were absent. The glaciers are not as fine there as in Spitzbergen, as they are covered with lava dust, and the wonderful blue ice, which is so characteristic of that country, is absent. Neither are the tops of the mountains so jagged, and I cannot agree with Scoresby that it reminded me in any way of Spitzbergen. As it was inadvisable to go down the west coast, we returned by the southeast coast, leaving the Wille glacier at 1:40 p. m. As we steamed round the South East cape, we could see the whole of this weird and wonderful island from end to end in cloudless sunshine. But for the surf, no one could have seen it under more perfect conditions, and probably without the wind we should have had fog. Already it was creeping up to eastward of us, and at 5 p. m., when we were well away from the island, we ran into it. After the fog we had an easterly gale and dangerous sea, which obliged us to change our course for a time. But I had seen Jan Mayen, and did not greatly care what happened!

Colloquy of the Boobs.

First Boob—Whacha do last summer?
Second Boob—Worked in the lumbering and staving business.
First Boob—Yea?
Second Boob—Yea. Lumbering down the street and staving off my creditors.—Cornell Widow.

A Long Route.

Willis—How do you suppose Jacob happened to see that ladder stretching up to heaven in his dream?

Gillis—He had probably spent all afternoon going up to his seats in row ZZZ in the stand at some football game!—Puck.

Unemotional.

"I don't believe Gridley has a single red corpuscle in his veins."
"What makes you think so?"
"He can sit through a football game without once raising his voice above a conversational tone."

Hopeful Sign.

Dress Sergeant (after worrying Brown, the new recruit, for two hours)—Right about, face.
Brown—Thank goodness, I'm right about something at last.—Tit-Bits.



FEEDING OF BROILERS

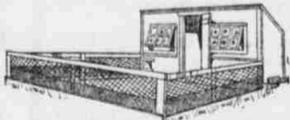
Interesting Experiment Made at Cornell Station.

Wet-Mash Powdered Milk Ration Gave the Best Result With Chicks in Weight, Rapid Growth and Their Development.

Seven flocks of 110 chicks each, were made the subject of a feeding experiment lasting six weeks, by the Cornell station. The purpose was to ascertain what feed produced the best gain at the least cost. The feeds were as follows:

Cracked Grain, Bran.—Wheat three parts (by weight), corn two, hulled oats one (finely cracked), kept before chicks at all times; bran fed in dish with cracked grain for first few days, afterward in separate dish; beef-scrap unmixed with other foods given from first feeding time. Grain fed in litter as soon as chicks could find it.

Cracked Grain.—Wheat three, corn two, hulled oats one (finely cracked), kept before chicks at all times; beef-



Good Style of House for Young Chicks—Can Be Placed on Runners and Easily Moved.

scrap unmixed with other foods given from first feeding time. Grain in litter after first three days.

Cracked Grain, Dry Mash.—Wheat three, corn two, hulled oats one (finely cracked), kept before chicks at all times; wheat three, corn two, hulled oats one (finely ground), bran two, fed in dish with cracked grain for first few days, afterward in separate dish; cracked grain in litter; beef-scrap unmixed with other foods given from first feeding time.

Dry Mash.—Wheat three, corn two, hulled oats one (finely ground), bran two, kept before chicks at all times; beef-scrap unmixed with other foods given from the first feeding time.

Wet Mash, Powdered-Milk Solution.—Wheat three, corn two, hulled oats one (finely ground), bran two, the mixture moistened slightly with powdered-milk solution; solution being one part milk-powder to nine parts water, for first week, afterward the proportion of the powder increased somewhat; moist mash fed in such quantity as was readily eaten, five times a day for first week, decreasing the number of feeds as seemed best; beef-scrap unmixed with other foods given from the first feeding time.

Wet Mash, Skimmed Milk.—Wheat three, corn two, hulled oats one (finely ground), bran two, this mash moistened slightly with sweet, skimmed milk, fed in such quantity as was readily eaten, five times daily for the first week, decreasing feeds as seemed best; beef-scrap unmixed with other foods given from first feeding time.

The following facts were found: The youngsters relished the wet-mash feed better than the dry feed. The chicks seemed to require both cracked and ground food, and they craved a variety of all feeds.

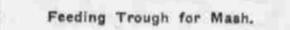
The youngsters relished the wet-mash feed better than the dry feed. The chicks seemed to require both cracked and ground food, and they craved a variety of all feeds.

The chicks fed wet mash were the largest and plumpest, but those on the variety ration were the most active. These latter had no mortality up to six weeks. Next to these the lowest in mortality was the wet-mash flock.

Chicks reared on skimmed milk mash made a most rapid growth for the first three weeks. The chicks reared on powdered-milk mash made the greatest growth in six weeks.

Chicks having the variety ration made, during the fifth week, the greatest weekly gain of the experiment. Chicks having the wet mash and the variety rations made better growth than those having dry mash or cracked grain.

Chicks having dry mash made the least gain in weight per chick, at greatest cost per pound. The wet mash and the variety ration flocks ate less per pound weight,



Feeding Trough for Mash.

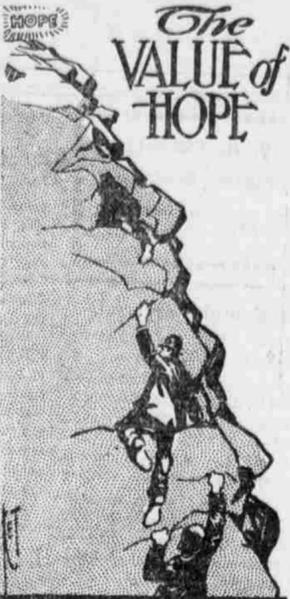
and at less cost per pound weight than the flock having the dry rations. Dry feeding cost less for labor per 100 chicks than the wet mash.

The variety ration cost more for labor per 100 chicks for the first three weeks, but cost less than the wet mash for six weeks.

Considering the number of chicks reared, the vigor of the chicks, and the continued palatability of the ration, the variety ration gave the best results for the first six weeks.

In total weight of flock average weight of chicks, rapid growth and development, cost per pound gain and per pound weight, the wet-mash powdered-milk ration gave the best results.

UNICOOKER
S. E. KISER



The Value of Hope.

How drear a place the world would be If all who fail to win success Permitted all the rest to see The evidence of their distress! How fortunate it is that men So often hide the griefs they bear So often still try bravely when Their breasts are laden with despair

How few men ever would achieve The victories that are so sweet If each should let the world perceive Whenever he had met defeat! How few men would be deemed sublime By those whose hearts are moved to song

If each sat grumbling every time His heart ached or his plans went wrong.

How little there would be to praise How much to keep us plunged in gloom If each but waited all his days To hear the dreadful crack of doom! 'Tis well that men conceal despair When stubborn fate has used them ill Why not, if you have woes to bear, Assist by seeming hopeful still?

Mere Opinion.

It always makes an old lady angry when the papers publish another woman's portrait taken from a photograph made twenty years before.

The people who made the English language builded wiser than they knew. Think of the poetry that would be written if there were more than three or four words to rhyme with love.

It doesn't take long to spoil a boy by giving him everything he wants.

People who are gifted with imagination have an immense advantage in being able to dream of the happiness that might be theirs if things were not as they are.

The Miner's Daughter.

"Ah," said the count, "zis ees not ze lady I would have for my wife. She ees what you call plain."
"But her father owns a coal mine," replied the general manager of the International Title and Trust Syndicate.

"I care not for zis gold mine. I—"
"Not gold mine. I said coal mine—hard coal!"

"Ah, my dear friend! How beautiful zis lady ees! My heart he what you call leap wis love!"

The Real Need.

"They say that laziness is caused by a germ. What a fine thing it would be if we could find something to kill the thing."

"Oh, no. I know something finer than that. Think how much nicer it would be if we could all find some way to gratify it."

Immune.

"I oft," said the political aspirant, "feel sorry for the great men whose names are given to so many children that turn out to be scoundrels."

"It is tough," yelled a distributor under the gallery, "but never mind. You'll never have to be pitted on that account."

Really Cruel.

"I have lost my heart," said the man who wore shoulder straps, but had never sniffed the smoke of battle.

"Well, you needn't search me," replied the girl. "I'm not making collection of bogus war relics."

S. E. Kiser.

Doing Well.

"Young man," said a rich and pompous old gentleman, "I was not always thus. I did not always ride in a motor car of my own. When I first started in life I had to walk."

"You were lucky," rejoined the young man. "When I first started I had to crawl. It took me a long time to learn to walk."

Can You Blame Him?

Eve—You look glum. What's the matter?

Adam—I named the ichthyosaurus yesterday and today he sued me for libel.